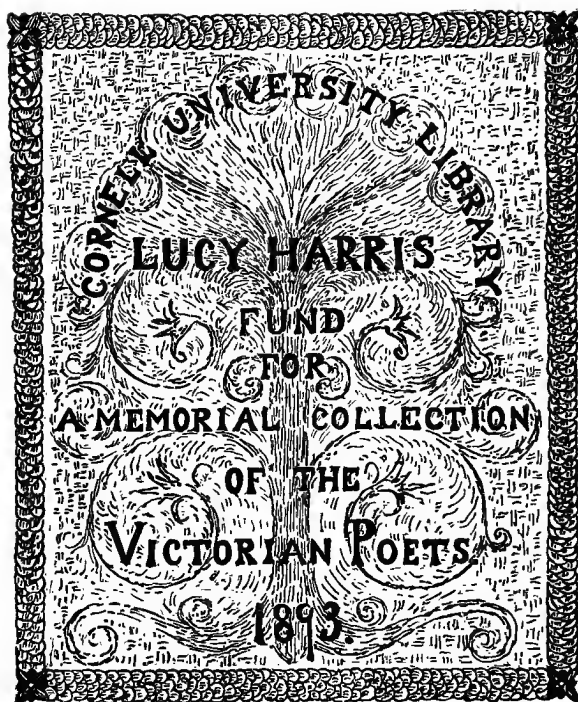




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# G A B R I E L.

BY

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

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TO A GRAVE IN ROME,  
TO AN IMMORTAL FAME IN ENGLAND,  
AND  
TO ONE WHO LOVES AND HONOURS  
THE GENIUS OF  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY,

I dedicate this Poem.

*Easter, 1856.*



LET the dead Past be crucified,  
The Past for all is full of pain,  
Time shall not slay, nor Death divide,  
Now Christ the Lord hath risen again.  
To-night within the tomb He sleeps,  
And hides our sinful lives away ;  
And all the morrow silent keeps,—  
Arise ! Oh glorious Easter Day !  
The anchor'd Hope of all this Earth  
The golden April hours will bring ;  
Flowers to the woods, to souls new birth,  
And to the heart an inner spring.  
Who loves not Easter ? Holiest time  
And radiance of the circling year !  
Flow forth to greet my Friend, sweet rhyme,  
And henceforth sing it,—doubly dear.



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## COR CORDIUM.

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“LYCIDAS is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :  
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.”





# G A B R I E L.

---

“The Angel Gabriel was sent from God.”—ST. LUKE.

---

I KNOW a house, its open doors  
Wide set to catch the scented breeze,  
While, dimpling all the oaken floors,  
Faint shadows of the swaying trees  
Pass in and out like spectral things,  
Dim creatures born of summer light,  
Till through the deepening twilight springs  
A paler radiance of the night.

Then softly in those silent hours  
Fair faces grow upon the gloom,  
And whisper'd words of unseen powers  
Breathe inward with the garden bloom  
Of roses clinging to the walls,  
And lawns smooth mown with punctual shears,  
While over roof and threshold falls  
The peace of many a hundred years.

Unfolding slow their ivory fringe,  
The lilies lie upon the pond ;  
The firs have caught the sunset tinge,  
And murmur, elfin-like, beyond :  
I think whoever sought that grove,  
To dream an hour of love or heaven,  
Might wrapt in some strange mystery rove,  
And find his year had grown to seven !

Great elms, a glorious altar veil,  
Screen off the yellow evening skies,  
Mid whose thick branches, blue and pale,  
The geni smoke doth curling rise,  
And, wavering in the waveless air,  
A certain tender touch impart  
To what were else too calmly fair ;  
Like memory in some heaven-taught heart.

Across the broad unbroken glade  
Which girds this house on either hand,  
The beech-clumps sprinkle showers of shade ;—  
These outposts of the forest stand

And guard the kingdom of the deer,  
The stillness of their charm'd domain,  
Where Spring chimes matins every year,  
And Autumn leaves fall down like rain.

For miles these beeches rise and fall,  
And ripple like some inland sea ;  
From bough to bough the wood-birds call,  
And squirrels nest in every tree :  
Blue depths of distance melt away  
As far as vision may discern,  
And all the open slopes are gay  
With foxgloves and the tangled fern.

So, girt with beauty round about,  
By poet built for poet's praise ;—  
Each gable end and sculptured spout  
Half hidden up in ivy sprays,  
Which glisten in the westering sun,  
And inward through the oriels stream,  
(While busy Time aloof doth run,)  
This house doth stand, an artist's dream.

Fair portraits smile from golden frames,  
The lovely lady silent sings,  
And warriors of heroic names  
Dwelt here of yore, the hosts of kings.  
The odour of the storied past  
Still lingers over hall and room,  
Whose light, from blazon'd window cast,  
Blends strangely with the quaint perfume.

Oh ! musing on these stately homes,  
And longing that those paths were mine  
Where all of nobleness becomes  
A heritage and right divine,  
I seem to see him stand once more,  
Immortal in his radiant youth,  
Bright with the smile which once he wore,  
And pray to find the vision—truth.

A dainty nobleness shone plain  
In all he thought, or did, or said,  
A fineness of the inner grain,  
From sires of courtly nurture bred ;

And though he were a freeman made  
Of wider realms than birth bestows,  
He yet unconscious witness paid  
To that fair stock from whence he rose.

Should any marvel I, who boast  
On both descents a glorious name,  
Count much of that which is at most  
A spur 'to win an equal fame,  
Yet this curl'd darling of the earth  
Seem'd fitly by his lineage known,  
And ever deem'd it added worth  
That Sidney's blood enrich'd his own.

When Gabriel as a parting gift  
His mother gave, the first-born son,  
And angels bore with pinions swift  
The exchanged soul their prayers had won,  
She left the mantle of her grace,  
The softest joy her smile had worn,  
And blended with her woman's face  
The beauty of the newly born.

Like some fair flower, a woodland boon,  
This infant, with the starry eyes  
Which first were blue as summer noon,  
Then deepen'd to the midnight skies,  
Wax'd daily with the sun and shower,  
Fulfilment of some spheral plan,  
And, gifted with a double dower,  
He grew in grace with God and man.

## HIS TEACHING.



MY Gabriel in his golden youth  
Was taught of many an ancient sage,  
He quarried for the grains of truth  
In every clime, in every age :  
Where broadly curves the regal Thames  
The studious boy did muse and dream,  
And left the immemorial games  
For olive groves of Academe.

For him did marble Athens stand  
In whitest beauty undefiled,  
Queen-regnant of the loveliest land  
On which the muses ever smiled ;  
While all his heart within him swell'd,  
And prophesied the past again,  
At high discourse by history held  
Of equal laws for equal men.

For him the rounded Theatre rose,  
And Troy's great Fate, rehearsed once more,  
Did wondrous link on link disclose  
Of how the Gods ruled men of yore.  
He felt the people's breathless pause,  
The gazing of ten thousand eyes,  
And heard the volleys of applause  
Peal upward to the purple skies.

And all the wisdom of the time  
When Pallas sway'd a hundred isles,  
When art was in her Phidian prime,  
And blossom'd in Aspasia's smiles ;—  
And each high secret darkly stored  
In archives of Egyptian stone,  
By priests reveal'd or clerks explored,  
Was gladly by my Gabriel known.

The stream of life before him roll'd,  
From Jewry to imperial Rome,  
From mythic heroes sung of old,  
To Peter's Cross and Michael's Dome ;—



No genius to his heart was strange,  
For each in turn seem'd good and meet ;  
He swept the nations' several range,  
They laid their treasures at his feet.

Nor did he lose on alien fields  
His heirship to the noble north,  
No Runic sign the Saga yields  
But Gabriel knew its mystic worth.  
The shapeless cairn, the Druid oak,  
The stones whose tale is all too dim,  
For his fine apprehension spoke,  
And render'd up their soul to him.

The legends of the middle age,  
The weird romance of Hartz and Rhine,  
Lay open at the painted page,  
Between the firelight and the wine ;  
And many a night his heart enflamed  
At ancient story quaintly told  
By minstrels sweet, of Siegfried famed,  
Or Froissart, of the spurs of gold.

The dainty meanings folded up  
In words that wield the power of thought,  
Like petals of a floral cup  
By him were to expansion brought ;—  
He open'd out the subtle shades  
Of history which a phrase reveals,  
And fix'd that shadowy past which fades  
Like peaks the drifting mist conceals.

He knew how every nation drapes  
Ideas with individual sounds,  
Compared the rough or polish'd shapes  
With which each several speech abounds.  
The many streamlets richly blent,  
Which mixing swell'd his native tongue,  
Flow'd with him in a full content,  
Upbearing all he said or sung.

For him did lines and numbers frame  
Their magic fabric out of space ;  
He gave each star its human name,  
And track'd it to its farthest place.

The wind, the sea, the budding rose,  
He knew their spirit and their laws,  
For beauty did to him disclose  
Her essence and her inward cause.

And e'en whatever mystic hope  
The chemist's brooding dream indulges,  
The quaint queer spells, just out of scope,  
Black tome or crucible divulges,  
The stone transmuting lead to gold,  
The draught which gives perpetual youth,  
The necromance by wizards told,  
In Gabriel's fancy pass'd for truth.

Accomplish'd with the double stores  
Of lofty fiction, crystal fact,  
With that train'd vision which explores,  
And skill to put the sight in act ;  
With that high earnestness of soul  
Which passes on from strength to strength,  
And bends the world to its control,  
Behold him furnish'd forth at length.

He did not sit as one forlorn,  
To some wrong age untimely brought,  
He seem'd to a sweet rhythm born,  
And poems sprang from every thought ;  
He seem'd as tho' the secret shrines  
Of nature were for him unveil'd,  
Where form was wrought in faultless lines,  
And music spoke where language fail'd.

But man is not a rounded arc,  
And culture only clears the way  
By which we struggle thro' the dark  
To regions of the perfect day.  
So ever thro' the jewell'd hours,  
In Gabriel's heart, a haunting strife  
Was ripen'd with his ripening powers,  
To wrest the meaning out of life.

He shrank before those awful words —  
“Alone ye came, alone depart !”  
And doubts which cut the life like swords  
Were sheathed awhile in some fond heart,

And slept a momentary sleep,  
Hush'd down like frighten'd infant's cry,  
But never yet was heart so deep  
Could lull the soul's perpetual sigh.

He question'd of the passing breeze,  
“What message to the world of men?”  
Its voice was lost amidst the trees,  
And silence claim'd her own again ;  
While oft in watches of the night  
His listening heart beat fast and strong,  
In ardour to interpret right  
The echoes of the starry song.

Not wrapp'd in selfish hope and fear,  
He ask'd the oracle for all,  
And Life, to whom this youth was dear,  
Made answers to his trumpet call.  
Each stammering syllable he caught,  
She dared, possess'd of God, rehearse,  
And with a poet's instinct wrought  
Her utterance to prophetic verse.

## HIS SINGING.



My Gabriel on the heavenly mount  
Stood waiting for the promised fire,  
With coolest lilies from the fount  
Of thought he wreath'd his lifted lyre ;  
And when the heat fell down like dew,  
And all the veil was backward roll'd,  
The carven flowers bloom'd out anew,  
Transfigured into burning gold.

Sometimes he sang the truths he saw,  
In perfect and harmonious rhyme,  
A white-robed priest of ancient law,  
Interpreting the needs of Time ;—  
And those who give their souls to art,  
The scholars of a world-wide school,  
Said, “ Here is one of reverent heart,  
Who does not scorn the lofty rule.”

When Gabriel sat beneath the Cross,  
Beside the cradle and the grave,  
And heavenly gain in earthly loss  
With simple music simply gave,  
His tender words flew far and wide,  
Caught up by peasant as by peer,  
And men proclaim'd on every side,  
"We truly have a poet here!"

But Gabriel, though he did not shun,  
Might not within the Temple dwell,  
His soul's great music, once begun,  
Swell'd louder than the sweetest bell.  
So, ever with a wider sweep,  
He broke beyond the bounds of thought,  
To realms where shadowy instincts keep  
A rescued limit snatch'd from Nought.

Within these subtle dreams he dwelt,  
And sang in minors quaint and strange;  
A few fine hearts were his, which felt  
How true his note, how wide his range;

A few fine spirits with him soar'd,  
And knew what seal his nature had,  
But those who praised him once, deplored,  
And said, with jeers, "The man is mad."

And Gabriel heeded not, but sang  
As dauntless as the lark in heaven,  
Above the clamour and the clang,  
Like some young spirit newly risen.  
He threaded with a silver string  
All arrows by the Fates allow'd,  
Mail-proof himself against their sting,  
He flung them back among the crowd !



## DIEU – DONNÉ.



THE afternoon was dark with smoke,  
And heavy with the griefs of men,  
Anon a fitful sunbeam broke,  
Till shadow chased it back again ;  
And ever down the misty street  
A ceaseless human torrent pass'd,  
And shuffled with unresting feet  
To that still home which is the last.

The clanging bells from far and near  
Toll out to all the passing hour ;  
They chant the same from year to year,

*One, Two, Three, Four.*

Four o'clock in the afternoon,  
They know by heart old Time's grand tune,  
Night will scatter her cool dew soon,  
But bring scant blessing here !

I know these London streets full well,  
Have watch'd them oft at early dawn,  
When, save for wandering sentinel,  
Their white length lies forlorn.  
An awful sleep is London's sleep,  
Awful vigils her wanderers keep,  
The sky is blue, but the river is deep,  
And not so cold at morn.

As the day begins to quicken,  
Fresh baptized in God's own Spirit,  
Filmy vapours rise and thicken  
O'er the beauty we inherit.  
Life's huge lust, the social devil,  
Snatches up each chance of evil  
For the coming day ;  
Hell looks on with hopeful mirth,  
While trade, the motive power of earth,  
Assumes her subtle sway.  
Of herself she is not ill,  
Of herself she is not good ;  
Each street and alley she doth fill,  
As the veins are fill'd with blood ;

Opens wide her hundred eyes,  
Stretches wide her hundred hands,  
Sees the bright gold where it lies,  
And the need of many lands.  
She will not do the 'hest of Kings,  
Beg they never so hard !  
From the people her empire springs,  
And the man of the people is Lord.  
When he speaks she knows his voice,  
The farthest isles of the sea rejoice  
As she flings their cocoa-nuts into his lap ;

Rap tap, rap tap,  
The feudal bonds of the earth go snap !  
He who was bred on the cottage floor  
Climbs the steps to the castle door,  
Hangs his hat in the blazon'd hall,  
And floats his flag from the highest wall.  
Honour be to the Genius Trade !  
She forges her keys from the rusty blade,  
And hammers the ploughshare out of the spade.  
Oh ! she hath a cunning voice,  
And whispers in words of fire,  
She 'll girdle the earth in forty minutes  
With a seven-string'd lyre !

She spoke to me, she sang to me,  
She told me strange and lovely things,  
And I forgot the outward world,  
As when some Siren sings.  
She built for her own private ends,  
A thousand years ago,  
The very bridge on which I stood,  
And watch'd the water flow ;  
Watch'd the horses and the people,  
Heard the clocks from every steeple,  
The myriad-voiced streets which softly roar'd,  
The teeming quays with various produce stored,  
And felt the river bearing silently  
Tidings of wind and weather from the distant sea.

When Brutus came from fallen Troy,  
(Æneas' son, in song renown'd,)  
He cast the anchor of his ship  
Beside this virgin ground ;  
He brought Phœnician fables, and  
Traditions of the Silver Land,  
And guided by the gods he scatter'd forth  
The seeds of commerce o'er this ruder north.  
Then, hastening from the ends of earth,

Came every genius kind to man,  
And, sketching mighty outlines, fill'd  
With gradual care the glorious plan.  
For it the all-encircling sea was fraught,  
Each wave of war some great addition brought,  
And left its stamp in long-enduring stone,  
While each new thought both seiz'd and seal'd its own,  
Till gradual rose, child of three thousand years,  
This mighty London as it now uprears !

Then, standing on that ancient arch,  
My mind went back unto a bygone time,  
And brought before my eyes a night in March,  
When, pacing to and fro, a form sublime,  
Darker than darkness, pass'd across the dusk,  
And in its heart an awful question ask'd,  
“ Were it not well to cast aside this husk,  
O grieved soul and spirit overtask'd ?  
Love having fail'd thee, what for thee remains,  
But weary length of way and bitter pains ? ”  
Then all my future in the balance hung,  
For had she answer'd “ Yea, ” I had not sung  
This song to-day,—nor verily had been,

Nor known my Gabriel, for you may divine  
Her blood flows in my veins, her thoughts in mine.  
Then I bethought me how the haughty mouth  
Was soften'd in the lapse of passionate youth ;  
How the clear brain, in triumph cutting through  
The mist of ages, to the thought's core flew,  
So that she stood at length strong, calm and mild,  
And my best pride is in the claim, " her child."

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

To all of us there comes a Fate ;  
Whether it comes or soon or late,  
With omens bright or desolate,  
Lies in the will of God.  
For it all things do wondrously prepare,  
The viewless beings of the middle air  
Do in a thousand ways its great advent declare :  
The life which broken seem'd and out of joint,  
Behold how it convergeth to a point,  
And blends its several streams in one great river,  
Which with calm passion floweth on for ever.

For some it is a love, for some a vision  
Of inner heaven that opens, thenceforth vow'd,  
Heed thou no outer murmur of derision,  
Nor contest of the unbelieving crowd,  
But with meek heart and the keen ear of faith,  
Listen to what the spirit softly saith.  
When thou dost see at length the one thing true,  
Grasp it with both hands though it prick thee through ;  
Fling thyself boldly on the shoreless sea,—  
God the Upholder will take care of thee !  
Oh ! never yet was loved a noble love,  
Oh ! never yet a noble deed was done,  
Save in that faith which can great mountains move,  
In which the ransom of a world was won !

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

I, musing on a thousand themes  
Of trade, of politics, of man,  
Stood idly leaning on the bridge,  
And in my wandering brain there ran  
The snatch of an old song which said,  
“Lo ! the beloved of thy heart is dead,—is dead !”

Strange word for one within whose thoughtful heart  
Love lay asleep, with breath that scarcely stirr'd,  
And in its hidden depths, from mine own self apart,  
A voice rose softly, just as if I heard  
Some far thing in the future, with this word,—  
“Tho’ he be dead, he lives for evermore.”  
Who knows not how, yet knowing little heeds,  
In vague day-dreams the outer world recedes,  
And fades and lessens as when sight doth pass  
Thro’ a diminishing and mystic glass?  
So all things real faded from mine eyes,  
The spires, the glory of the western skies;  
I only heard the murmur of the shore,  
And thro’ the ripple this repeated o’er,  
“Tho’ he be dead, he lives for evermore.”

He lives! who lives? athwart the copper sun  
A shadow pass’d, and something fill’d the air,  
Some strange new influence which did shuddering run  
Over my heart; I, suddenly aware  
Of the one presence, lifted up my eyes,  
And first upon my life saw Gabriel rise!  
He came across the bridge, this college youth,  
This young Ithuriel with the charmed spear,



And carried in his hand his lamp of truth,  
Plato, the thinker to all poets dear,  
Tho' I, ill-gifted with perpetual powers,  
Should live till when the virgin forest yields  
Her untouch'd beauty to a thousand towers,  
And these again their stones to lonely fields ;  
Tho' all the suns that do in heaven burn  
Should change to blackness in their starry place,  
And the great rolling globe should backward turn,  
I never should forget that once seen face.

We live unheedful of our noblest powers,  
We love unconscious of our deepest heart,  
Till suddenly uprise the fateful hours,  
And all within us doth to freedom start ;  
The dark inscription which we could not read,  
In clear translation to our eyes reveal'd,  
And as the golden wheat from buried seeds,  
The fountain's living waters are unseal'd.

“ I will not heed the crossing lines, nor sigh  
At any destiny by Heaven bestow'd ;  
The worst the world can do shall wring no cry,  
So that this only be by life allow'd,—

*To absolutely live.*—Tho' every nerve  
Should thrill and quiver with the life of pain,  
Let me but live and love without reserve,  
Then ! God, who gavest ! take my life again ! ”  
God answer'd me that prayer, who gave to me  
The dearest heart could dream or eyes could see !

My Gabriel taller was than most,  
And slightly in his walk he swung ;  
To loving eyes no touch is lost,  
And on this trifling touch there hung  
Ever for me a history,  
Ever for me a mystery  
Of Gabriel's tender yearning heart,  
Which leaned out to all mankind,  
And trembled to his mother earth,—  
Of Gabriel's thoughts, which dwelt apart  
And careless of the outer kind.  
So lightly, lightly did he tread,  
He walk'd as poets walk, not men,  
His step might not profane the dead ;  
When his dear foot caress'd the ground  
The very flowers sprang up again.

If he were beautiful or no,  
I never knew, and cannot tell,  
For spiritual grace doth well  
Up from some hearts, and overflow  
The outward nature with a sweetness  
Which doth shame the cold completeness  
Of the Ideal, since it is  
The shadow'd glow caught back from His  
Who dwelleth in high Heaven, and gives  
Of his own life to all that lives.  
This lovely look beyond compare  
Is such as the dear angels wear,  
Who gaze upon Him in that place  
Which knoweth nought of time or space,  
But is built up of love and prayer !

Forth from such smile doth that fine influence run,  
As when thro' green leaves streams the westering sun.  
For one whom it doth tenderly enfold  
Henceforth the outer world is hard and cold,  
And somewhat shadow'd in its broadest day ;—  
On whom it doth alight it melts away  
The crusts of common life,—it calleth forth  
The all of nobleness and inner worth

In what it looks on ;—like some magic gem,  
Choosing its own loves, it is true to them  
With pure unchanging colour, and detects  
The evil thing the instant it suspects.  
Better than gold and all that gold will buy,  
Or this world's purple seam'd with blazonry,  
A greater gift than genius or fame,  
Or the high prestige of a sounding name,  
This Christian Cross wrought out of eastern stone,  
This mystic amulet which saints might own,  
A something tender, subtle, undefined,  
Half of the outward life and inward mind,  
Something which made the thoughtful gazer say,  
“ Here is a poet who hath learnt to pray,”  
The look which painters have to martyrs given,  
Yet wide enough for earth, while vow'd to heaven,  
Which, loving nature, loveth God yet more,—  
This double talisman my Gabriel wore.

He, walking quickly, as his wont  
Was ever used to be,  
Came onward with a steady front  
Of brow, and stood by me—

A moment paused, for in my hand  
I bore the dear enchanter's wand,  
The artist's pencil,—and he took  
One shy glance at the open book  
By right of poet's sympathy.

Just then (Oh ! strange combining chance  
On which a life may rest,  
Oh ! wonderful ordaining fate,  
A moment soon,—a moment late,—  
And that which is our best,  
Poised waiting for us, may elude  
Our grasp, and in infinitude  
Plunge lost for ages, we may wait  
Till far eternity restore  
The blessing which time brought no more,)—  
Just then—

                up walk'd George Vernon—he,  
A mutual friend for him and me !  
“ What, Gabriel here ! and Mary too ! ”—  
Then, bowing, as all men should do  
Who were not bred at Timbuctoo,  
This hearty Artist, known to fame,  
Politely interchanged the name

Of each for either, then resumed  
The bantering tone he well assumed,  
And with a certain humorous grace  
He jested on the time and place,  
My note-book full of jottings quite  
Devoid of sense for vulgar sight,  
And Gabriel with the winged feet  
Devouring Plato in a London street!

This Vernon, now that even Artists wear  
A something of the merchant in their air,  
With all free nobleness refined away  
From brows whose contour would ill suit the bay,  
Had ever somewhat manly in his walk,  
A somewhat large and lusty in his talk,  
Perhaps a great man miss'd, and yet a hint  
Of the true medal struck from nature's mint,  
Out of that rarer stuff she sets apart  
To fashion her vow'd Hierarchy of art,  
Her clear interpreters in paint or verse,  
(The special mission graved on the reverse,)  
For all art is identical, and sings  
On various instruments the truth of things.

If we have hoped from Vernon more than he  
Has yet vouchsafed to his own destiny,  
We will hope on, for in his vigorous lines  
A certain undegenerate promise shines  
We ill can spare—

So, o'er the bridge we three  
Slowly pass'd on, and Gabriel walk'd by me.

## THE COLLEGE.



WHY, Gabriel, why? Thy days were vow'd  
To learning, in those ancient halls  
Where dropping ivy flings a shroud  
Of greenness o'er the old grey walls;  
I thought thee sitting at her feet,  
And wedded to her stern embrace;—  
Does this high Lady think it meet  
That thus thou rove from place to place?  
The College dons,—they must complain,—  
What think those grave neglected books?  
But Gabriel, smiling with a stain  
Of bitterness in his sweet looks,  
“I wanted little of them,” quoth he,  
“And so they would have none of me.



For what I think I dare to think,  
And what I think I dare to say ;  
So, trenching ever on the brink  
Of their good grace, I cast away  
On one poor poem, with a shock,  
My hard-won fame of scholarship,  
And little bewept of hic, hæc, hoc,  
I gave my College life the slip.  
They did beset my rebel sense  
With wisdom of the Founder's times,  
They quoted prose, I scarce know whence,  
I hail'd about their ears with rhymes.  
Scholarly words they flung at me,  
But all the points were rusted off.  
'Tis somewhat late in the day," quoth he,  
"To level a man with a Roman scoff.  
Whatever Cicero thought and said  
Does not apply to what I would say ;  
We need not summon the 'mighty dead'  
In doing the work to be done to-day.  
Why should I burden my English head  
With rules from the *Ars Poetica* ?"  
So much, and more, half false, half true,  
A touch of the sore heart stealing thro.'

Nay, sir, said I, they have their use,  
These central looms of thought and pen ;  
If Genius knock and find refuse,  
She need not try their doors again.  
The world for her is wide enough,  
And God will give her ample stores;  
Experience offers worthy stuff,  
And various wealth from distant shores.  
The languages, the arts, the laws,  
Lie open to her eager eyes,  
And intuitions of the Cause  
Drop on her from the open skies.  
A Burns can sing, a Wilkie paint,  
Unhelp'd of other than themselves,  
And Faith can train her untaught Saint  
Without the key of Wolsey's shelves.  
And all the world in praise conspires  
For him who speaks direct from God ;  
It warms its cold heart at his fires,  
And says " Behold, 'twas here he trod."  
But men there be, of lower mould,  
Yet versed in every liberal thought,  
Refined, sincere, not over-bold,  
In those gray precincts wisely taught.

While Genius dwells and broods alone,  
And cherishes her dreams by stealth,  
They give the nation all its tone,  
The staple of our commonwealth ;  
She preaches to a scatter'd few,  
They frame the laws, and spread the arts ;  
They make and take the public hue,  
They count by votes, and she——by hearts !  
They wear the silk, she wears the serge,  
They live by peace, she thrives in sorrow,  
They stand secure, she treads the verge,  
They have to-day,—she has—to-morrow !  
Yet must they all her word obey ;  
Whether they will or no they kneel,  
Their dearest customs blench away,  
She treads the past beneath her heel.  
She is more potent in her cell,  
More royal in her solitude,  
Than they who in the Palace dwell,  
Or sway the Senate's varying mood.  
Their secret hearts confess her power,  
And, when she threatens, shake with fear ;  
Tho' they defame, she bides her hour,  
And, when she wills it, they *must* hear.

“’Tis true,” said he, “they have their use,—  
A warm and ripening atmosphere  
They keep for scholars ; to abuse  
Their total scope were scarce sincere.  
I know that many a noble mind  
Climb’d here the steps which led to fame,  
Found cherishing and nurture kind  
For high ambition’s gracious flame ;  
That much of all that England boasts  
Caught here an impulse from her past,  
That Cam and Isis are the toast  
Which men will drink while England lasts ;  
That Chaucer, Bacon, Milton drew  
The milk of ages them beside,  
Nor lack’d there heed of reasons true  
Why I should in the fold abide.

“ But when it came to the Truth, which is  
To my innermost heart as its daily breath,  
The sharp sword held in that hand of His  
Which ruleth the issues of Life and Death,  
Tho’ it should cut my life in two,  
I’d grapple and grow to the thing that’s true ;

Tho' it should break my heart in twain,  
Cling to it ever with might and main.  
The lie on my tongue, if lie there be,  
God in his grace give me light to see ;  
The truth shall blossom again and again,  
In the warmth of His own Eternity.

“ What they said I will not repeat,  
Bury it deep in its festering heat :  
What is the odds of blame or praise ?  
They shall not scorch me all my days.  
If Alma Mater turn me out,  
A dearer mother will not flout ;  
The Muse I love shall find me rest,  
And gather me close to a tender breast.”

So Gabriel, with keen passion sway'd,  
(The poet's heart is finely wrought,)  
In all his vibrant tones obey'd  
The impulse of his thought,  
And, like one sworn to a crusade,  
His step with fire was fraught.

He had a something in his air,  
A look which only came at times,  
As one who in a calm despair  
Hears sound of Christmas chimes,  
And all the sadness gather'd there  
To one high hope sublimes,—  
A look as tho' he sometimes saw  
That future which we only hope,  
Divining by the force of law  
The planets shining out of scope,  
When life for him, without a flaw,  
Fulfill'd some foreshown horoscope.  
Even when this glow had faded  
Into the common day,  
And the tender light of his eyes was shaded,  
And the glory died away,  
Within his patient gentleness  
A lingering memory lay.

Now fell his voice into a softer key,  
Seeing the calmness underneath the strife,  
And that the martyr's crown of victory  
Buds from the thorns of life,

And all the blossoms which do it compose  
Spring up in desert places bleak and bare,  
It is not woven of the dainty rose,  
The lily is not there !  
It hath a sombre beauty of its own,  
A purple royalty of strength and faith,  
Blending alike with youth's unwither'd tone,  
And the white smile of death.

Let not the poet mourn  
Whom World's disgrace shall from her paths debar ;  
For each warm tenderness that he must leave,  
He surely shall severer strength receive  
Beneath a clearer star.  
He sitting throned upon the mountain top  
Shall see the purple vapours slowly drop  
Into the vale below :  
His lot may not be cast in pleasant lines,  
But he shall hear the wind among the pines,  
And the free torrents flow.  
The many torrents flowing to the sea,  
Gathering their separate waters silently,  
Then falling, falling, falling,

He shall with keen unfretted ear discern  
As surely as by sight, and he shall learn  
Each faint ethereal calling  
Of voice to voice, from peak to peak, which blend  
Prophetic utterances withouten end.  
This shall he be within his musing mind,  
Yet not shut out from converse of his kind,  
Wherever men are he shall freely walk ;  
In that he builds no boundaries to his ken  
Out of the fleeting modes of fellow-men,  
He with unshackled talk  
May draw the true thing out of whom he meets,  
And find God visible in crowded streets  
And congregations of the people, where  
The most part of the seekers wandering there  
Find only faces cover'd with a mask,  
And voices whose dry note forbids to ask,  
And soft unconquerable lies, which live  
(Or seem) the longer for each death they give,  
Slaying the souls that might have conquer'd them.  
These shall the poet with his eye contemn,  
So that they shrink away from him, and bare ;  
The central verities to upper air.



Let not a poet banish'd of the schools  
Fling his great chances after classic rules ;  
What will not Nature to her darling tell ?  
She lies in wait for him at every turn,  
Glad that he comes at last who can discern  
The meaning of her symbols ;—leafy dell,  
High down, and streaked ocean fill'd with sound,  
Murmur their welcome when he looks around.

Life doth the poet ask ;  
Life throbbing, struggling, sighing everywhere,  
He shall receive it his appointed task,  
And find his subject there.—  
Life rippling on in a perpetual stream,  
Whether of insects in the golden beam,  
Or God's great life upholding all the stars ;  
Life breaking forth afresh in every spring,  
In all the flowers that bud or birds that sing ;  
And since no veil debars  
The holy Truth from him who truly seeks,  
Each " open Sesame " the wise man speaks  
Flings wide upon its hinges every door,  
He scans the inmost house from floor to floor.

All the deep secrets which therein lie hid  
Spring each one to his ear when he doth bid :  
Not the coarse welding of the outward law,  
Which other men discern, doth he behold ;  
He subtly penetrates each little flaw  
In that so seeming solid ring of gold,  
Which cuts the electric current, and divides  
Two beings by the breadth of ever widening tides.  
He knows, ah ! who so well ? what mystic powers  
Lie hidden in the virtue of a look ;  
He notes the different smile of different hours,  
And reads the heart off like an open book.  
He knows how in the same fine atmosphere  
Some spirits by necessity do dwell,  
And all the unblending climates, far and near,  
Which human beings make, can surely tell.  
The heart is its own country, and creates  
Zones to itself where divers flowers blow ;  
Love unto love doth interchanging flow  
All at its own wild will, with little heed  
Of mankind's iron custom, and indeed  
Laughs at it every way ;—the poet sees  
Deep to the core of all such mysteries,

And wears a turquoise which turns deadly green  
When even the shadow of a lie is seen.

So, if he dare abide  
By his own time, as all true artists do,  
Seeking the fact that lives on every side,  
And honouring all things true,—  
Beauty shall grow upon him day by day,  
Showing him how she dwells in truth always.  
These two shall guide him in simplicity,  
He shall be famous as the days go by ;—  
The time that is he shall with power adorn,  
And make that golden age which lesser spirits  
mourn.

## FIRELIGHT.



'TIS dark, and I fancy  
A ring at the bell,  
My heart leapeth up  
With a throb and a swell ;  
Is it a footstep  
Away in the street,  
Or only the sound  
Of my own heart's beat ?

Silence is living  
And breathes in my ear ;  
Twilight is long  
In this spring of the year :

Still she is lingering,  
Tender and wan ;—  
Deeper,—and deeper !  
Now she is gone !

Brooding alone  
With my head on my hand,  
Watching the fall  
Of the fast-flowing sand,  
The sand which falls ever  
When others drop tears,  
To measure the fall  
Of my fast-flowing years.

Brooding alone  
With my eyes on the fire,  
The tick of the clock  
Rises higher and higher ;  
Nervously catching  
The beat of my breast,  
And changing its note  
Like a creature possess'd.

Articulate meanings  
It struggles to speak,  
Ere one can catch them  
They shiver and break ;—  
My books on the shelf,  
And my prints on the wall,  
A fantastical goblin  
Makes sport of them all !

My shadow is dancing,  
The thing that is I  
Comes nearer, grows larger  
In wavering by :  
I think it will utter  
My thought or my name,  
Seizing something of life  
In this flickering flame !

I seem to be wrapp'd  
In the shadow of Death,  
To tremble and faint  
At the ice of its breath ;

I know not whence comes it,  
What name it deserves,  
Of God or the Devil,  
Or only the nerves !

But if he would come  
It would vanish away,  
He would call back my soul  
With the warm voice of day ;  
The fear and the terror,  
They could not abide ;  
I know he is true  
When he sits by my side.

He will bring the new book,  
He will bring the new thought,  
He will leave me the richer  
For all he has brought ;  
He will fill my heart fuller  
And widen its scope,  
And leave me for comfort  
Both memory and hope.

The dread is recoiling,  
There's health in the air,  
The clock strikes the hour,  
I awake!—I am—where?  
In the land of the Living,  
Where happy hearts be,  
And, Oh! 'tis my love  
Who is coming to me!



## THE RING.



“GABRIEL, O my Beloved !”—  
That was the line which I read ;  
I look’d up in fear and in anguish,  
Lest he, my own darling, were dead.  
Wonderful line of the Poet  
From over the deep salt sea !  
But Gabriel turn’d round smiling,  
And took the wild fancy from me.

Sought thro’ years of longing,  
And found in the shadow of death,  
Held in a weary clasping,  
And kiss’d with a failing breath ;

Who knows not the pitiful story  
We read by the light of the fire ?  
Its grief hath a part in every heart  
Touch'd by the heart's desire.

When first I read that story,  
It smote my spirit with pain ;  
I was a young thing then,  
But I read it,—never again—  
Never, never again,  
Till an April even-tide ;  
The flush of my youth had vanish'd,  
And Gabriel sat by my side.

Gabriel sat by my side,  
But never a word spake he,  
He look'd at the quivering flame,  
And then he look'd at me.  
His soul had wander'd away  
In a fear and a doubt unknown,  
A trouble flash'd into his eyes,  
And he suddenly said " My own ! "

Times there are when the spirit hangs  
Over a gulf as deep as death,  
When memory sheaths her poison'd fangs,  
And the beating present holds its breath ;  
The past is cut away from us,  
And the future hides her face,  
The look we see and the word we hear  
Are the whole of time and space.

What then we do, what then we say,  
Obeys a will that is not ours,  
The heart hath toss'd its reins away,  
And throbs with double powers ;  
And all the being blindfold springs  
Into a track unknown,—  
So lost to me were outward things,  
When Gabriel said, " My own ! "

As one who, dying on a bed,  
Lives thousand-fold in dying,  
And hearing nought of what is said  
By those around him crying,

Sees heaven and earth in one clear view,  
And all his twisted past,  
And what was false and what was true,  
And what was wrought to last ;  
So I, who died to death that hour,  
And lived to life indeed,  
Saw Truth declare herself with power,  
And help me in my need.

I hold thy head between my hands,  
(That time is now, for evermore ;)  
Thy love to me is more than lands,  
Or the sea from shore to shore.  
Thy love to me is all the world,  
Is all my life to me,  
And heaven to me in a kiss is curl'd,  
If given or shared by thee.  
I tremble on an instant verge,  
A prophecy of golden breath,  
A gate where past and present merge,  
More mystical than death ;  
And be it heaven or be it hell  
Which henceforth I shall know,  
This is the Bridge I feel full well,  
Oblivion lies below.

He said, "I do thee deadly wrong,  
My words are counted vain,  
The world is cold and fierce and strong,  
And stands betwixt us twain.  
She mingles with her calm commands  
A touch of scorn and wonder,  
And quietly with outstretch'd hands  
She holds our hearts asunder."

I said, "This world you make a Fate,  
To me resembleth more  
A circling flood ; we can create  
An isle with fringed shore,  
And love which men do isolate  
Shall stand in strength the more.  
All things are shadows to this thing,  
And melt like shades away ;  
It hath a secret gift of spring  
Which outward forms obey,  
And give it noble room and swing,  
Moulds all law to its sway."

But, Oh ! 'tis foolish talking thus,—  
What are we, World, to thee ?

And what art thou, O World, to us,  
In the face of Destiny ?  
What in that hour I said or thought,  
It was not looks nor words, for neither,  
Being but earthly, can be fraught  
With a heart's meaning ; either  
Every look the secret keeps,  
Or the swift word over-leaps  
All the subtle delicate shades,  
And the tender sunshine fades  
With a touch away.  
What are we, O World, to thee ?  
Leave us alone with Destiny !  
Leave us alone, leave us alone,  
In love there is an under tone  
Which nothing can translate,  
Neither words nor passionate looks,  
Nor any rhyme put into books  
Out of the brains of men ;  
You cannot frame an angel's lyre  
Out of the finest golden wire,  
Nor match the deep sea's mystic tone  
With muttering drum or bass trombone,  
Nor echo a kiss or a parting moan

By any trick of the pen.

What God knows of a heart's history,

Leave it,——

A mystery—!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

THOU with a kiss didst ring my hand,  
And ever from that hour I hold  
The invisible seal a stronger band  
Than circlet wrought of beaten gold.

In silence did I it receive,  
In silence didst thou it bestow ;  
Behold ! a moment may achieve  
A firmer pact than spoken vow.

And henceforth for that moment's sake,  
Wherever thou and I may be,  
My heart a swift response shall make  
When thou shalt claim that troth from me.



Not light the sign, not frail the tie,  
My whole strong heart is gather'd there ;  
I meet it with a smother'd sigh—  
Nay, rather with an anxious prayer.

Ah ! teach me, dear, somewhat to trust,  
Nor scan the veil before us thrown,  
Nor too much fear, since love I must,  
The future, in those words,—“ thine own.”

## GLIMPSES.



DEEP within my heart it slumbers,  
All my verse will ne'er reveal,  
I shall never sing in numbers  
Half the passion that I feel

Hidden in far founts of being  
The keen fire which thrills me lies,  
Hidden, save for thy sweet seeing,  
In the calmness of my eyes.

But it flows in subtle thrilling  
Thro' my voice and smile and touch,  
Gives a potency to my willing,—  
Wilt thou not confess as much ?

Eye to eye a moment linking,  
Drew thy nature into mine,  
Lip to lip a moment drinking  
Measures of ethereal wine,—

Voice with voice in untranslated  
Music sweeter than a rhyme,  
Heart with heart a moment mated  
Crown'd a love unborn of time.

Ah ! I wrestle with my meaning,  
Cannot give it noble birth,  
My strain'd nature faints in leaning  
To these regions not of earth.

Well I know that no expression  
Heart can dream or soul invent,  
Gives a fair and full confession,  
Clothes in language what is meant.

Did I truly live, my dearest,  
Ere I saw thee, truly live ?  
Yes, for thou no less wert nearest,—  
Time to us could only give

Outer tangible revealing  
Of that love whereby we are ;  
So strikes light, the first faint feeling  
Of a long-created star,

Shining with a silent beauty  
Far in its appointed spot,  
Swaying by inherent duty  
Us, altho' we knew it not.

Lo ! thou wert in every shadow  
Cast at noon upon the sea  
Each green sunlight of the meadow  
Trembled from thy heart to me,

Every pain was some dim shiver  
Of thy spirit caught by mine,  
Thou no less the sharer, giver,  
Of my love and life divine.

Double-wing'd my prayer ascended,  
Double-thoughted strove my brain,  
Soul to soul for ever tended,—  
Tell me if this kiss be gain !

If the deep heart's inmost passion,  
Leaping from my lip to thee,  
Hath no subtler sign to fashion,  
Each apart and silently !

Well ! I know not ; human creatures  
Wrapt in, moulded out of flesh,  
Find the old eternal features  
Love hath ever worn, as fresh,

For all, as wonderful, as cherish'd  
In their sweet immortal youth,  
Even as though he had not perish'd  
Times too countless, slain by truth,

By use, by being apprehended  
With too slight, too weak a heart,  
Or by being basely blended,  
Love ! who loves to dwell apart.

Ah ! poor kisses, lost in giving,  
Dying of their own excess,  
Ah ! poor life, consumed in living,  
Fire in burning growing less !

But I will not doubt, well knowing  
There *is* flame which does not die,  
Fed from sources which bestowing,  
Gather strength incessantly,—

Love which, greatly daring, waxes  
Ever tenderer; this I know  
The strong heart says, *if Love o'er-taxes*  
*Its weak self, why, let it go.*

So, mine own, with heart unfearing,  
Risk we all the hours can do,  
With high faith that we in nearing  
Clay with clay mate spirit too.

Never passion's dead supineness,  
Worst of deaths, in us decay,  
Nor for me that sweet divineness  
Which thou wearest, change away.

Foolish talk!—if this be real,  
I am blessed beyond doubt ;  
Life dilates to the ideal  
While I argue in and out,—

I who ought with braver spirit  
To accept the good gifts given,  
Humbly thankful, who inherit  
Only Earth, yet find it Heaven !

Hour by hour, O Love, I tremble  
Lest this vanish like a dream,  
Or cloud-angels which resemble  
Thinnest forms of poet's theme ;

Leaving me, who thought the Vision  
Real as the earth I trod,  
Lost from my bright Fields Elysian,  
And cast back once more on God !

Once I thought He would not fail me,  
Tho' I leant on Him alone,  
Nor could any fear assail me,  
So He watch'd me from His throne ;



But I find thy fond eyes proving  
That the heavenly lights are dim,  
Find with awe another loving  
Rise betwixt my heart and Him !

Let me place this troth too daring  
In the old hope, the old prayer :  
Ah ! I dread the least ensnaring  
Of the trust which I placed there !

Take us both, who only knowest,  
Bless the seed which Thou hast sown,  
Make pure the joy which Thou bestowest,  
And fold our love within Thine own !

VERSES FOR GABRIEL.

---

ONCE in my youth I sang a song,  
Ere sorrow did me deadly wrong  
    And fleck'd my hair with white too early—  
But now beneath thy glorious eyes  
The ancient gifts within me rise,  
One only fear upon me lies,  
    The fear lest I should love too dearly.

Too well, alas ! too well I know,  
How fitfully the moments flow  
    For those who give their life to loving :  
Kind peace, and all the steadfast power  
Which waits upon the thoughtful hour,  
This tyrant Passion doth devour,  
    His awful might intent on proving.

O Poet striving for the bays !

Eschew too much these fiery ways

Where thou on burning ploughshares walkest ;

Concentrate in thine inner soul

The lava with a strong control,

Lest blinding torrents from thee roll

And scorch the listener as thou talkest.

A ripening heat, a mellowing fire,

A strength whereby we may aspire,

Be love for thee and me, O Poet !

May Heaven be kind and nobly bless

All feelings which our hearts confess,

And help us nobly to express

The faith wherewith our souls endow it.

A beauty brightening all our days,

A shining myrtle 'midst the bays,

A gracious love of ancient fashion,

A tenderness, a sweetness wrought

Of highest hope and deepest thought,

Which life nor death shall bring to nought,

Be moulded for us out of passion.

Dear eyes, dear lips, dear heart, I know  
Whate'er of love ye can bestow,

I take with all my strength restoring :  
Too much, sometimes I cry, too much  
This love which trembles to thy touch ;  
I fear lest I am lost in such

A mad, wild, passionate adoring.

But no ! my truth of truth replies,  
I pour my spirit thro' mine eyes,

And by its strength thy verse shall flourish :  
The love I give was wrought in heaven,  
Sick souls for such have vainly striven,  
To thee, my Gabriel, freely given,  
To warm, to strengthen, and to nourish.

Dear ! may I dwell within thy song  
In influence kind and sweet and strong,

I bearing blossom in thy singing ;  
And when to God thou shalt aspire,  
Thou from my hand shalt take thy lyre,  
My love shall match thy soul's desire,  
And brood above in music, flinging

All my heart into thy voice,  
So that the angels shall rejoice,

And God in Heaven himself, approving,  
Shall say, "Behold the sweetest sound  
Of all your hymns which rise around,  
For all the praise is propt and wound  
With earnest tender human loving."

## MAY-SONG.

I WAIT for the gift of the gods  
Thro' days that are dreary and long,  
Till sunshine strikes into the clods  
And my heart blossoms out into song.

Soft falls the rain on the furrow,  
And tender the light on the sea,  
But from neither my music I borrow,  
Thy kisses strike fire into me.

I sleep like a mouse in the cold,  
Withdrawn in abysses of thought,  
I know not my visions of old,  
And my prophecy cometh to nought ;

Till over me dawneth the sweetness  
Thy love, bidding " Poet, arise ;"  
And my verse quickens into completeness,  
In the glory which showers from thine eyes.

GABRIEL.

## S Y M B O L S.



It is not the rose, tho' the rose is red,  
And as full of love as a flower can be,  
And the lily, she bows her stately head  
With a certain grace, but is not like thee !  
And the purple pansy opens wide  
Her clear bright eye for whoever may see,  
So her velvety bloom and her jewell'd pride,  
They have not the look which is dear to me !

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The jessamine, she is too pale and too slender,  
The violet dear is too timid by far ;  
The summer-born sweet-pea, tho' clinging and tender,  
Is no more like thee than the earth to a star,

Of whom poets aver that the distance would lend her  
That beautiful radiance we worship afar,  
But I seek for a flower whose immaculate splendour  
Is changelessly true as the flame-spirits are.

The little blue flower which true lovers adore,  
Which blooms by the banks of the murmuring stream,  
Might daintily pave thy luxurious floor,  
But it is not the flower which I saw in my dream.  
Each depth of the wild wood is blossoming o'er  
With delicate riches, yet ever they seem  
Too fairily vagrant in nurture, the more  
As I seek for a courtly repose in my theme.

This is the time when the year's in its prime,  
And the rich honeysuckle is blent with the clover,  
When Nature yearns for the poet's rhyme,  
And the sweetbrier breaks into kisses all over ;  
When young fawns leap to the tender chime  
Of their mother's bells, and quick eyes discover  
How the rabbits run and the squirrels climb,  
And we look at the earth with the smile of a lover.



But wait for a while till the summer is past,  
And woods have a rumour that prophesies death,  
A sombre foreshadowing borne on the blast,  
Which comes in a moment and dies at a breath,  
A something, a nothing, which touches the leaves,  
And haunts the hot meadows at noon like a wraith,  
And crisps the broad cornfields just bare of their sheaves,  
And I'll show you my blossom and say what it saith.

The flower that I love is both solemn and rare,  
The deep-hearted purple it wears in disdain ;  
When other gay blossoms are flaunting and fair,  
It spreads out its petals like triumphing pain.  
Its white is for pureness, its green is for hope,  
All golden its fruit in the soft chilly air,  
The dream it suggests is of infinite scope,  
For the Cross and the Passion are symbolised there.

## SUNLIGHT

UNDER THE BEECHES.

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WHAT was our life henceforth ?

A peaceful wandering over mother earth,

Pitching our tent as did the Jews of old,

Seeking that beauty which is manifold

And multiform as God, and doth unfold

Something of Him in every sight and sound.

Wherever grass is green and streams abound,

Wherever men could love a little space,

And bless my poet for his gentle face,

There with full heart and thankful eyes we found

A summer sojourn and abiding place.

The home which love did make, where love did dwell,

Was not home only, but a church as well,

Where we dress'd our own Altar day and night,

And grew in peace ;—in one another's sight.

Often I mind me of the hours he spent,  
Bless'd in the luxury of a full content,  
Skimming the water like a happy bird,  
Or resting on his oars, and then we heard  
The murmur of sweet music from his lip,  
And green boughs push'd aside would flash and dip  
Into the stream to let his boat go by  
Lazily drifting to the melody.  
He loved the water like some creature nursed  
In it by right of nature from the first ;  
Whether it were the broad and placid river,  
Or sharp swift stream like arrow shot from quiver  
Of blue lakes up the fastness of the hills,  
Or the light foam-spray of the leaping rills,  
Or gray horizon of the boundless sea  
Streak'd by the passing cloud perpetually.  
In truth there was about his subtle mind  
A something mixt of water and of wind,  
A dainty colour, an aërial play,  
Which tinged his speech and touch'd his rhymes alway.

He was too fragile for the fears of love ;  
Sad pangs and sore a loving heart must prove

Which counted Gabriel more than all things dear,  
For with the change of each recurring year  
I seem'd to snatch him from the verge of death,  
Giving him mine own life and mine own breath.  
Yet in the open air with sun and breeze  
He caught a virtue from the forest trees,  
Being to the great Spirit of Life akin,  
And breathing out the beauty he breathed in.

Where Bisham beeches hang beside the stream,  
There above all things did he love to dream,  
Weaving a golden mesh of subtle rhymes  
Too tender and too noble for the times ;  
Often we wrote together, sang together,—  
He made me poet in that summer weather  
By his infectious beauty, till one day  
Casting his verses and his oars away,  
Letting his oars lie idly at his side,  
And his bright verses down the river glide,  
He bent one sudden look upon me, full  
Of a vague question, deep and pitiful  
As any life, and sad as any death ;  
The momentary riddle check'd my breath,—

“What was that question !” oft I sit and think,  
When silent eve doth the heart’s dream prolong,  
“That look which trembled on the outer brink  
Of all the possible in speech or song ?  
Life’s deepest need and doubt, the soul of thought,  
Something of love too, in one centre brought,  
And flash’d forth in the raising of an eye,  
A glance too full of question for reply,  
Save in a lifelong answer,—I shall give  
Scarcely the full solution while I live,  
Since to my reading that swift passing mood  
Trench’d on the mysteries of infinitude.

Never henceforth shall I a beech-wood see,  
Save with wide-branching tender thoughts of thee ;  
If something of their solemn shadow mix  
Wherever human hearts do gravely fix  
The greatest love and prayer, yet sunbeams flit  
Ever among their leaves, redeeming it  
Into a golden gloom.

My beeches, make  
A response sweet for silent poet’s sake.  
As you are steadfast, say that I am too,  
No forest tree to its own bent more true ;—

And as in heat or cold or storm or shine  
Ye do assert your nature, vouch for mine ;  
And where words fail the questioner, then sing  
Infinite answers on Eolian string,  
Harp of a thousand leaves !—”

Thus did I say

Unto my Gabriel on a summer's day,  
Who made no answer, and indeed would keep  
Half his heart buried in a silence deep  
As the noon hush, which is the stillest time  
Of the long day, the saddest, most sublime,  
Hinting all mysteries for which men have striven,  
In that calm unapproached light of heaven.

If Gabriel's speech was like a silver lyre,  
His silence was as sweet as golden lute :  
How I have listen'd with the soul's desire,  
Hearkening to that soft music, involute  
With rich unspoken thoughts ! for in the eyes,  
And in the clasping of a hand, there lies  
A very world of words, and with a blessing bends  
The Passing Angel o'er the silent hearts of friends !

Oh ! happy days, whether of speech or song,  
Happy as all things must be which belong  
To pure joys of pure hearts, they pass'd away,  
But left that memory which all true things may.  
I find some verse which Gabriel writ one day,  
A slight thing, for my eyes alone, but breathing  
The spirit of the woodland, laid aside  
Among that bright year's papers ;—ever wreathing  
Our days about with tendrils of his art,  
He joined two spheres which lesser men divide,  
And fill'd his poetry with his loving heart.

In a fair wood like this where the beeches are growing,  
Brave Robin Hood hunted in days of old ;  
Down his broad shoulders his brown locks fell flowing,  
His cap was of green, with a tassel of gold.

His eye was as blue as the sky in midsummer,  
Ruddy his cheek as the oak-leaves in June,  
Hearty his voice as he hail'd the new comer,  
Tender to maidens in changeable tune.

His step had a strength and his smile had a sweetness,  
His spirit was wrought of the sun and the breeze,  
He moved as a man framed in nature's completeness,  
And grew unabash'd with the growth of the trees.

And ever to poets who walk in the gloaming  
His horn is still heard in the prime of the year ;  
Last eve he went with us, unseen, in our roaming,  
And thrill'd with his presence the shy troops of deer.

When the warm sun sank down in a golden declining,  
And night clomb the slopes and the firs to their tops,  
And the faint stars to meet her did brighten their shining,  
And the heat was refined into diamond drops ;—

Then Robin stole forth in his quaint forest fashion,  
For dear to the heart of all poets is he,  
And in mystical whispers awaken'd the passion  
Which slumbers within for the life that were free.



We follow the lead unawares of his spirit,  
He tells us the tales which we heard in past time,  
Ah ! why should we forfeit this earth we inherit,  
For lives which we cannot expand into rhyme !

I think as I lie in the shade of the beeches  
How lived and how loved this old hero of song ;  
I would we could follow the lesson he teaches,  
And dwell as he dwelt these wild thickets among,—

At least for a while, till we caught up the meaning,  
The beeches breathe out in the wealth of their growth,  
Width in their nobleness, love in their leaning,  
And peace at the heart from the fulness of both.

## THE BREAKING OF THE DAM.



TELL me, my Gabriel, if thou wilt, while we  
Rest on the roots of this old ivied tree,  
Somewhat of early days, of travel past,  
Of youth's adventurous hope behind thee cast.  
A mist is on the landscape, far below  
The homeward-stepping cattle softly low,  
As when the shy and cloister'd poet saw,  
And painted that sweet picture without flaw,  
The dainty poem children learn by rote,  
And English tongues from age to age shall quote :  
Yon bashful rustic lingers by the stile,  
With cap in hand, to win a passing smile ;  
The grey farm roofs are fading, and afar  
Trembles the first ray of the evening star ;—  
The unrippled river lies in curving lines,  
And the faint breeze among these ancient pines

Has some weird meaning, such as poets hear,  
Of differing import with the time of year.  
Whatever elves or fairies here abide,  
At this dim hour on elfin steeds do ride,  
Tinkling their silver bells, and grasshopper  
Beginneth now to make his evening stir.  
Hark ! the slow wind swell ! to its solemn tune  
Paces majestically the silver moon,  
Endymion's darling ; and the deeps of heaven  
From inner depths to inner depths are riven :  
Give me this hour, my poet, for some tale  
Of German stream or haunted Alpine vale.

“Nay”—answer'd Gabriel, “these orchestral trees  
Suggest a dream of other mysteries ;  
White mountain mists and spectral shapes that loom  
Gigantic, thro' dead centuries of gloom.  
Again I see the glorious western land  
By salt-sea breeze tempestuously fann'd,  
The jutting coast, the rapid rivers fed  
From rock-bound tarn, the bare and slumberous head  
Of Cader curtaining a thousand vales.  
The wondrous beauty, the wild power of Wales ! ”

Wild is the coast of Carnarvon,  
Wild and dear to me ;—  
Sentinel watchers the mountains stand,  
The drifted sand of the desert strand  
Is as white as white can be ;  
It lies for miles when the sunshine smiles,  
Like the silver hem of the sea,  
The long blue grass is twisted and curl'd,  
The sea-blue grass which is crisp'd and fine,  
Round and round the sand is swirl'd  
Into a couch divine—  
A couch where a poet may lie and rest,  
And fancy he rocks on the ocean breast,  
As he hears the wind that murmurs and swells,  
And dies away on the lofty fells,  
Dies and makes no sign.

They came to me in the dead of the night,—  
Men who were white and worn with fear ;  
“ Oh ! ” said they, “ that it now were light ! ”  
“ Hark ! ” they said, “ for we surely hear  
The awful rush of the angry sea ;  
The sea we chain'd with a great stone wall,  
Leaping over the wild waves' fall.

They have torn a hole in the dam at length,  
In they pour with a mighty strength,  
And flow to the feet of the mountains again,  
And the sweat of our brow was all in vain."

I started up, and into the night,—  
"Oh!" said I, "that it now were light!  
Far in the east I see one streak  
Faintly over the waters break.  
Bring the ship with the loaded stone  
Out from shore and fling it down;  
Sink the ship if need there be,  
So that ye bridle this angry sea.  
But little by little the wide bay fills,  
The waters flow to the feet of the hills,  
Mirror'd once more in their shining glass;  
And when the breezes of morning pass  
Faintly over the waves at peace,  
And the blended wraths of the elements cease,  
Behold a double Snowdon rise  
Darkly down in the ocean skies!"

I T A L Y .  

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WHO does not know the Lombard Plains,  
The Lombard Plains which slumber in the sun?  
I saw them last when Autumn's loaded wains  
With grape and corn did overflowing run,  
When all the air with Autumn scent was sweet,  
And the long roads in white and weltering heat  
Straight as a track by which a bird hath flown,  
Link'd all the pleasant land from town to town.  
When the vine garlands hanging from the eaves  
Cut the sharp shadow of their dainty leaves  
On the hot wall, and nothing broke the hush  
Save small birds twittering from bush to bush,  
Or woman singing at the cottage door,  
Or waggon passing with its sumptuous store.  
When little lizards lazily would crawl  
Among the melons ripening on the wall,  
And the bold urchins with their great black eyes,  
In warm nook shelter'd from the melting skies,

Curl'd up in idle comfort, started out,  
Following the travellers with prayer and shout  
And soft entreaties for at least one coin,  
And choruss'd songs which we were fain to join ;  
Then sank to their siesta once again,  
When we through miles of lonely road were fain  
To marvel at the silence and the heat,  
And old Virgilian verses would repeat  
Showing how nature ever was the same !  
When even the long trails were turned to flame  
Which knit across the fields from tree to tree,  
And in the sunshine burn'd right gloriously.  
Oh that hot sunshine ! creatures who respire  
That splendid atmosphere of quivering fire  
Must needs be bold and beautiful, and be  
By right divine the freest of the free.  
The crystal lakes lie like some fairy dream,  
And the far gurgling of the Alpine stream  
Is indistinguishable from the murmur  
Which Silence hides within her noontide glamour.  
The far ethereal mountains tinged with snow,  
Faintly reflected in the depths below,  
Are capp'd with clouds ; these guardian giants stand  
And keep the portals of the enchanted land.

Who does not know the Lombard Plains?  
I saw them last when Gabriel with me trod  
Over the war-plough'd and historic sod ;—  
Like some huge watercourse where torrents pour'd,  
They bear the track of many a savage horde ;  
Yet where the battles of a world have been,  
Behold the fields are ripe, the woods are green !  
Milan the haughtiest child of ancient Rome,  
Of Rome's great Gods the proud provincial home,  
Whose clustering temples bless'd the pious land ;  
Milan twice stricken by the invader's hand ;  
Whose name was blotted from the lists of earth,  
Yet sprang afresh in a resplendent birth ;  
Milano, shooting up her thousand spires,  
(Rich with reflection of the sunset fires,)  
Which vibrate to the full Ambrosian plaint,  
And the sweet accents of her buried Saint ;—  
Verona grey with age and many wars,  
And dark with cypresses against the stars,  
Whose battled streets with love's own griefs are thick,  
At whose first sight the pilgrim's heart beats quick ;  
Padua, the town of mystic arts, which men  
Have deem'd unholy for a Christian's ken ;—



Venice, the dreamlike vestige of the past,  
Like a dead swan upon the waters cast,  
Which, drifting slowly down the stream of time,  
Is in white stillness more than life sublime ;  
These noble towns, which yearning hearts will say  
Are touch'd by something sadder than decay,  
Are ever sacred to my thought, for he,  
Gabriel, my poet, taught their tale to me.

In this dear land we dwelt a space, the hours  
Lent one by one fresh fire to Gabriel's powers :  
Beneath his rapid hand the outline grew,  
The past and present with their riches flew,  
Laden with fact and fancy for the aid  
Of that high genius,—of no theme afraid ;—  
While the dim future gave him half her store.  
If he had written noble verse before,  
He soar'd above himself, and dainty dear  
Were the chance rhymes of every peaceful year :  
And yet this poet knew no poet's fame,  
For such a cloud o'ershadov'd Gabriel's name,  
Bred from the hasty zeal of reckless youth,  
In hot allegiance to the tranquil truth,—

Bred from past deeds men vaguely knew, and words  
Of satire tipp'd with rhyme, more sharp than swords,—  
That those in England cast their prophet out  
In slanderous anger and contemptful scout,  
Blasted his fair report with utter lies,  
And heap'd up every shame they dared devise.  
My Gabriel ! he whose life was gentle, pure,  
Of earnest faith, kind act, and promise sure,—  
Gabriel, the boy-like poet, crucified  
By a mad multitude ere yet he died,  
Whom now the world so love, that they who see  
His foreign grave say,—“ From our land was he.”  
In life he had not fame, but he had love,  
And those high visions of the heart above  
All other joys for poets ; children three  
Cradled within his arms, and climb'd his knee ;  
But one dire grief each Venice wave repeats,  
And one we buried by the grave of Keats,  
Blossoms which died and dropt in summer-time,  
While yet the parent tree stood in full prime.  
Still life was worthy in those golden plains,  
And heaven's own harmony bedew'd his strains ;  
And lo ! as I regard those vanish'd years,  
Their memory is embalm'd in grateful tears.

## TO FIDELIO.



You wish me back at home, my friend,  
That home which is no home to me,  
What hope of good can England lend,  
That I should cross the sea ?  
Italy gives me peace and health,  
Italy gives a poet wealth  
In golden light of noon,  
In haunts akin to every mood,  
In ruins fill'd with solitude,  
In orange grove and cypress wood  
That towers against the moon.  
When I upon a summer night  
See all the vines in silver moulded,  
And like to spirits clothed in white  
The flowers in sleep are folded ;  
When on the breathing sapphire sea,  
My small boat rocks perpetually,

And Nature whispers wonders dear  
So softly in my listening ear,  
What more hath life for me ?

England gives me damp and cold,  
And winds that drive the winter clouds,  
Scarce a heart to have or hold,  
But evil tongues of scoffing crowds,  
The curse of many a haughty priest,  
And law that hunts me like a beast.  
If I hear our English voice,  
I dare not at the sound rejoice ;  
Dare not give a hand or claim,  
Tho' I too bear an English name.  
How many hearts are true to me ?  
Five perchance at most there be,  
And all the rest at enmity !  
Oh friend ! my heart is all too kind ;  
Leave me where I am at rest ;  
I would not cross my scorning kind,  
And leave what I love best—  
Freedom and tranquillity,  
Sun and moon of Italy,

Eyes which live and love for me,  
One pure and faithful breast.  
I am the Future's patient heir ;  
My boy who climbs his father's chair  
May see my dawning fame ;  
I can but spend my days as one  
Who works, and, when his work is done,  
Sets it on the waves to float,  
And of its course takes little note,  
But knows that, being singly plann'd  
By faith and love and knowledge mann'd,  
'Twill prosper all the same.  
So for my poem, if I wrote  
For that which is to-day,  
I well might muffle every note  
And fling my pen away ;—  
Fling my pen into the sea  
Ere this good world paid heed to me !  
Prejudice hath stuff'd its ears ;  
Perchance away in far off years,  
When one with one and two with two,  
Tender hearts and spirits true,  
Are met together, they my verse  
Shall in underbreath rehearse.

Presently my name shall be  
As a watchword for the free,  
Presently, presently.  
It shall not be spoken loud,  
Like a stream of fire  
It shall penetrate the crowd,  
And in their breath respire ;  
When the truth begins to grow,  
When the stream begins to flow,  
Men to struggle heart and hand  
O'er the breadth of all the land,  
Presently, presently  
They aloud shall quote my rhyme,  
And say " He lived before his time."  
I am not one whom when I pipe  
All men will flock to hear,  
Who render back a finish'd type  
Of what the race holds dear.  
Love for me may keep his own,  
If what I see around reveal him !  
I am not in his service known,  
Save as in my soul I feel him.  
Death for me is scarcely death,  
Who dwell within his porch alway ;

Life for me is hardly life,  
Whom men have cast away.  
Home I have none, a sojourner,  
Poet, prophet, priest, and mourner,  
This is what I am and shall be,  
This is how the fates befall me.  
Wandering right and wandering left,  
Alike of land and kin bereft,  
All my thoughts and feelings range  
Over pastures wild and strange,  
Absolved alike from time and place,  
Mind for me exists in space.  
I deal with man as man may be,  
Noble, generous, just, and free,—  
With woman as her truth is shown  
In that true heart I call my own,—  
With Nature as she hits my mood  
In the dreaming solitude,  
Where each idle turn discloses  
Myrtle thickets, unpluck'd roses,  
Piling clouds and lonely sea,  
Mountains in supremacy,  
Temples roofless in the plain,  
Calling their old gods in vain,

Where the bittern's mournful cry,  
And silent pools that mock the sky,  
Show how they forgotten lie.

O ! sweet singer ! being loved,  
By a people's voice approved,  
Being whisper'd, wept at, sung  
In hall and hut, by old and young,  
Known and sought and praised to-day,  
Rose-besprinkled, crown'd with bay,  
Sow and reap as best you may ;—  
As for me,—I have my hope !

GABRIEL.



THE PORTRAIT.

---

IF anything could comfort me  
In absence from my friend,  
I think that it should surely be  
This messenger you send.  
I say, "This hath her latest look,"  
The look that I love best,  
And, for it asks the tenderest nook,  
I wear it on my breast.

I wear it on my breast, my Love,  
Where you are wont to lie,  
I count the minutes as they move,  
Or rather loiter by ;

I count the miles between us twain,  
Too many or too few,  
Yet all their length is stretch'd in vain  
To bar my soul from you.

This thing that has your living smile  
Yet does not truly live ;  
It will not give me love the while  
My love to it I give.  
It seems half wrought of life, and yet  
To tranquil death akin,  
And while I gaze my cheek is wet,  
And sad my heart within.

Its hair is rippled like your own,  
Its eyes as brown and clear,  
It will not tell of youth-time flown,  
Nor touch of any year.  
But, ah ! how much of tenderness  
It never can bestow,  
Nor speak of hours that mutual bless,  
And lives that mingled flow.

If happy love give any grace  
For what time steals away,  
I shall not see this pictured face  
That nobler change obey.  
Fly fast, fly fast, ye lingering hours,  
And in your flight restore  
The home to which the painter's powers  
But make me yearn the more.

GABRIEL.

## A B S E N C E.



I AM not lonely, O my Love,  
Save in so far I have not thee,  
Without whose smile the changeful days  
Are all alike to me.

Yet while the Winter blooms to Spring,  
And Summer doth to Autumn wane,  
I will not say their various wealth  
Is lavish'd forth in vain.

Since Nature hath November days,  
Wherein she broods on future flowers,  
We may not put less noble use  
To any time of ours.

Their own soft lights and tender glooms  
To poet's eye and poet's ear,  
Hath every feeling of the heart,  
And season of the year.

Ah ! pondering on the hours I gain,  
And counting up the hours I lose,  
I find them both so full of love,  
I scarce know which to choose.

With thee the joy is almost pain,  
And swift the days fleet by ;  
I find thee not in sight more dear,  
Nor less in absence nigh.

THE SHIPWRECK.

---

HEAVY hung the summer on the hills,  
Fatal summer of that fatal year,  
It was with me as when Nature fills  
All the spirit with a haunting fear.  
On the thick tree-tops the sunshine lay,  
On the beetling rocks and tranquil sea,  
Every ripple of the broad blue bay  
Brought the same dull pain of dread to me.  
White-wall'd village slanting to the shore,  
Forests arching deep cool wells of shade,  
This unearthly beauty but the more  
In my heart strange apprehension made.  
Heat was like a living presence, felt  
Clinging closely till the twilight fell ;  
Till the glowing tints of day would melt  
Into fairer night than words can tell.

Priests within the churches pray for rain,  
Rain the laughing mocking skies refuse,  
Day by day the sunlight streams again,  
And the vast grey depths our hopes abuse.  
Even the last moment as they went  
Brought the same dull pain of dread to me ;  
I besought him, " Art thou not content ?  
Oh my Gabriel, do not tempt the sea."

Trifling details why should I rehearse ?  
Europe knows the story and the end ;  
Faintly dare I picture forth in verse  
How I loved and how I lost my friend :—  
How I loved him ! by what diverse name,  
What one word, can such a love be said,  
Which was to my heart the dearest claim,  
Lover, husband, father of the dead !  
By that beauty like the angels' own,  
Changeful, glowing, tender, wild, and deep,  
By each waking look upon me thrown,  
By the placid lashes curl'd in sleep ;  
By the hours of watchful anxious care,  
Hours when every anguish'd fear had scope,  
By the vigil of a mute despair,

Changed at length, by God's own grace, to hope,  
By the mind which mine had waited long,  
By the smile which when it touch'd me won,  
By the gift and by the grace of song,  
By link of years which yields in strength to none,  
Being of holy memories finely wrought,  
By little life we had conjointly given,  
By sweet child voice with love's own heirship fraught,  
By angel feet that trod the courts of heaven,  
By all his diverse strength and noble powers,  
By that keen sight which pierced where mine was dim,  
By all the countless strengths of wedded hours,  
By all a woman *can* love,—I loved him.

Freighted with this unretrieved wealth  
Sail'd that ship which never more return'd :  
Gabriel left me in the flush of health,  
Hope and ardour in his glances burn'd ;  
Full of eager kindness, full of love,  
Bent on gentle office to the last—  
“ From my nested mate awhile I rove,  
Let the hours till I come back fly fast.  
He, my friend, whom I have lov'd so long,  
Who loved me when others turn'd away,



Brother of my heart in life and song,  
Needs my presence,—can I say him nay?  
Short my absence; at his special prayer,  
I must with him some small space abide,  
But when I have done his bidding there;  
Fly once more, my darling, to thy side.”

I that day with Gabriel should have sail'd,  
But for crown and seal to my despair  
Health with that strong summer heat had fail'd,  
And with smile and kiss he left me there!  
What was it to that grim treacherous sea  
All the hope with which that ship was freighted?  
Like a monster sleeping silently,  
It in fatal blueness smiled,—and waited!

Gabriel safely reach'd the distant port,  
Met his friend whom he had loved so well,  
Wrote to me in haste and loving sport:  
Joy with him did awfully foretell  
Some disaster hanging o'er his head;—  
Strange and fearful are the freaks of Fate,  
Seeming as though envious demons said,  
“We will cheat and flatter whom we hate.”

Then we waited for them day by day,  
For that ship which never more return'd ;  
At our feet the smiling ocean lay,  
All the time the sun in heaven burn'd ;  
Heavy hung the summer on the hills,  
Fatal summer of that fatal year,  
It was with me as when Nature fills  
All the spirit with a haunting fear.  
Sunrise broaden'd daily on the woods,  
Sunset nightly died upon the sea,  
I, in changeful miserable moods,  
Ask'd but one vague question,—“ Where is he ?”  
Then we journey'd restless to and fro,  
Asking tidings from each neighbouring town,  
None could tell us what we sought to know ;  
Daily, hourly, hope was overthrown ;  
Till at last one awful moment came,  
When we hoped and when we fear'd no more :  
“ *Send the news to her who bears his name,—  
Gabriel lieth dead upon the shore.*”

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Faint fragments of the day—the hour—  
Float up thro' memory's misty dreams ;  
I know not if I find the power  
To paint what was, or only seems.  
As backward thro' a cloud of years  
I look to that most awful time,  
I find the vision blurr'd with tears,  
And greyness tinging all my prime.  
They say that one who watch'd the skiff  
Which bore him on his homeward track,  
From that high tower which crowns the cliff,  
Divined that day some fatal wrack ;  
That far and wide the ocean stretch'd,  
Besprent with craft of every size,  
And one small boat which swiftly fetch'd  
Her way beneath the summer skies ;  
But by the islands on the west,  
A cloud, no bigger than a hand,  
Rose softly from its lair of rest,  
And march'd across the sea towards land.  
A moment's darkness ;—every sail  
Struck out before the misty blot ;  
And when the cloud withdrew its veil,  
That boat which held my world—was not !

\* \* \* \* \*

Let not the cold earth claim him who of fire  
And mist compounded led the marshall'd dreams  
Of many ages towards a new desire ;  
Who built a temple out of subtlest themes,  
Wherein the hope of future days may kneel  
And watch the glories which his words reveal ;  
But pile the wood and cast on frankincense,  
Beside the margin of that windless sea,  
While the hot noontide sun shines down intense  
On the sand desert and one blasted tree.  
Low bushes, backward blown in stormy days,  
Are all of Nature that can mourn him here ;  
They with a plaintful voice shall chant his praise  
All thro' the winter season of the year,  
Saying " We watch'd him last who to the flowers was dear,  
But they were absent on their lovelier ways."  
All down this coast stand melancholy towers,  
And marble mountains gird this grief of ours.  
Chase the wild curlew from the keen blue flame,  
Let fire do all its worst, then tenderly  
Gather the ashes of this son of Fame,  
And bear them triumphing across the sea,—

But not to England ! England loved him not !  
She shall not have him in some hamlet green,  
None of her proud Cathedrals be the spot  
Where Gabriel's dust shall lie, his name be seen.  
Bear it to Rome, and thro' her solemn streets  
Tread in procession ; many men shall come,  
Now he is dead, to praise his minstrel feats,  
And with the fall of tears to bring him home—  
Home to the grave ! and write upon it nought,  
Save the plain epitaph " Cor cordium :"  
A heart of hearts was his : to this is brought  
High generous life and lofty verse ; a sum  
Wrought up in two short words, Cor cordium.

What shall I say of him ? with no long praise  
Need any touch his few eventful days,  
For what he was is known to all ; he sang  
To the wild winds, yet on his accents hang  
All patriots and all lovers now. A heart  
In Gabriel's dearest honour set apart  
Can know no other love ; compared to him  
The worth and beauty of the world grow dim.  
He stands a type of what our race may be  
When life and love and thought are just and free.

His words are power amidst us. I await  
Death, and the golden bars of Heaven's gate,  
As patiently as may be. But 'twere best  
That healing Silence cover up the rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END.













